

THE MALEFACTOR'S VIOLIN.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ERKMANN CHATRAIN.

Carl Hafitz had spent six years in working at thorough-bass; he had studied Haydn, Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, Rossini; he was in the full enjoyment of robust health, and of a modest fortune which allowed him to pursue his artistic vocation. In a word, he had all the requisites for composing grand and beautiful music—except the one little indispensable thing—inspiration.

Every day, filled with noble ardor, he would take to his master very long and harmonically very good scores—very phrases of which, unfortunately, went to the account of Peter, or James, or Christopher.

Master Albertus, seated in his great arm-chair, smoking his pipe, with his feet on the andirons and his elbow on the table, would set to work to strike out his pupil's original discoveries, one after the other. Carl would cry with vexation, get angry, argue—but the old master would placidly open one of his innumerable music-books, and, with his finger on the passage, say—

"Look there, my boy!"

Then Carl would hang his head and despair of the future.

But one fine morning, when he had handed in to Master Albertus, under his own name, a fantasia of Baccherini, with scraps from Vioti, the old gentleman's composure gave way.

"Carl!" cried he, "do you take me for an ass? Do you think I don't notice your wretched stealings? Really this is too bad!"

Then, seeing him in consternation at this address—

"See here," said he, "I think it very likely you are cheated by your own memory, and take your own reminiscences for invention; but, decidedly, you are getting too fat; you drink too good wine, and, what is more, you are too loose in counting your glasses. That is what clogs the channels of your intelligence. You must get lean!"

"Yes—give up music. It is not science you lack, but ideas. The thing is very simple. If you passed your life in coating the strings of your violin with a thick layer of grease, how could they ever vibrate?"

These words of Master Albertus were a gloom of sudden illumination for Hafitz.

"If I have to wear myself to a skeleton," cried he, "I shall shrink from no sacrifice. Since it is matter which clogs my soul, I will grow lean!"

His features, at this moment, spoke such heroism that Master Albertus was touched; he embraced his dear pupil and wished him good luck.

By the next day Carl Hafitz, with wallet and staff, left the hotel of the "Three Pigeons" and the brewery of "King Gambrinus" for a long journey.

He set out for Switzerland.

Unluckily by the end of six months, though his plumpness was considerably reduced, his inspiration was none the better for it.

"Could there be an unluckier fellow than I?" thought he. "Fasting or good living—water, wine, beer—nothing can screw up my soul to sublimity pitch. What I have done to deserve so dismal a fate! While a crowd of ignoramus are producing remarkable works, I, with all my science, all my work, all my courage—I don't come to anything! Oh, Heaven is not just! No, it is not just!"

Thus meditating, he was plodding along the road from Bruck to Friberg. Night was falling; he began to lag, and was ready to drop with weariness.

At this moment he perceived, by the moonlight, an old shanty, squatted a little back from the road, with steep roof and ramshackle door, shattered window-panes, and chimney in ruins. Nettles and briars grew thick about it, and the little window in the roof scarcely peeped out over the brambles.

At the same moment Carl desisted through the gloom the pine branch dangling over the door.

"Come," said he, "the inn is not fair to look at—it is even a bit uninviting; but we must not judge by the outside."

So, without hesitation, he rapped on the door with his stick.

"Who's there? What do you want?" cried a gruff voice from inside.

"Shelter and food."

"Ah, ha! very well—very well!"

The door opened suddenly, and Carl found himself face to face with a stout fellow, with square-cut features and gray eyes, clothed in an old sack coat out at elbows, and holding in his hand a hatchet.

Behind him flamed the fire on the hearth, lighting up the entry to a shed, the steps of a wooden stair-case, the crumbling walls, and crumpling close to the fire, a girl, pale, emaciated, and dressed in a poor gown of brown calico, spotted with white. She looked towards the door with a sort of fright—in her black eyes was an indefinable expression of wild sadness.

In its music there were—why there were notes as funeral as the sound of the earth crumbling on the coffin of one we have dearly loved—solemn as the thunder of waterfalls long drawn out by mountain echoes—majestic as autumn gales through sounding forests; and then again—said as inecurable despair. Then, in the midst of these sobbing, wailing, song—light, dulcet, silvery as the warbling of a flight of joyous sparrows fluttering over flowering shrubbery. It would swell and eddy in graceful waves, with an ineffable thrill of careless delight, and then in an instant take flight, soared off by the waltz, mad, palpitating, ecstatic; love, joy, despair, all sang, wept, streamed forth beneath the vibrating bow.

And Carl, despite his inexpressible terror, stretched out his arms and cried—

"O, great, great, great artist! O, sublime genius! O, how I pity your sad fate! To be hanged for having killed that beast of an innkeeper, who knew not a single note of music! To wander through the woods by moonlight—without your body—but with such a talent! O, heaven!"

His exclamations were interrupted by the rude voice of the host, crying out—

"Hallo, up there! Will you be quiet, or won't you? Are you ill, or is the house afire?"

Heavy steps sounded on the creaking stairs, a bright light pierced through the cracks of the door, which opened under a push from the shoulder of the innkeeper, and showed him standing in the doorway.

"Why," said Hafitz, pointing at them, "you must have eggs."

"We took them all to market this morning at Bruck."

"Ah! Well, then, anyhow, put me on a chicken to roast."

Scarcely had he pronounced these words, when the pale girl, with dishevelled hair, rushed to the staircase, crying—

"No one shall touch my fowls—no one shall touch my fowls! Ho, ho, ho! Leave the Lord's creatures alive."

There was something so terrible in the poor creature's looks that Hafitz hastily answered—

"No, no; we won't kill the fowls. Let us see the potatoes. I go in for potatoes. I shall stick to you. Now I see my vocation clearly. Here I stay three months—six months—long enough, anyhow, to get as lean as a fakir!"

He said this with singular vivacity, and the host cried to the pale girl—

"Geneveva!—Geneveva!—look—the spirit has him—like the other!"

The pale girl grew stronger, the fire flared up steadily on the hearth, and sent its volumes of greyish smoke in whirling eddies to the ceiling. The fowls, in the flickering firelight, seemed to dance on the steps of the stairs, while the mad girl sang with her shrill voice a strange old-fashioned air, and the green fagots, awestruck with sap in the flame, simmered a mournful accompaniment.

Hafitz understood that he had got into the den of Hecker, the wizard; he swallowed two potatoes, and raising the great red waltz jug, drank long and deep. Then his spirit grew calm again; he noticed that the girl had gone, and only the man was left before the fire.

"Herr Wirth," he resumed, "show me to bed."

The innkeeper, lighting a lamp, went slowly up the worm-eaten stairs, raised a heavy trap-door with his gray head, and showed Carl to the garret, under the thatch.

"There's your bed," said he, setting the lamp on the floor, "pleasant dreams; and be careful with the light!"

Then he went down again, and Hafitz remained alone, crouching before a great straw mattress with a big feather bed for a coverlet. He had been waiting for some moments, wondering whether it would be prudent to go to sleep or not, for the old fellow's face was far from reassuring, when, thinking over the light grey eyes, the livid mouth thick-set with wrinkles, the broad, boy forehead, and parchment skin, he suddenly recollected that on the *Galgenberg* (Gallows Hill) were three hanged malefactors, and that one of them curiously resembled his host—that he, too, had sunken eyes, ragged elbows, and his great toe protruding through his shoe rotted by the rain.

He recollected, too, that the poor wretch, Melchior by name, had been a musician, and had been hung for knocking on the head with his jug the landlord of the "Golden Lamb," who was dunning him for a *conventionsthaler*.

The poor devil's music had formerly touched him deeply—it was wild and fantastic, and Master Albertus' pupil used to envy the vagabond; but, at this moment, seeing in fancy the figure on the gallows, and the carrion crows hovering and cawing about it, he felt a chill run over him; and his fear was not diminished when he saw, at the back of the shed against the wall, a fiddle with two withered palm leaves over it.

He would have been glad to make his escape, but at that instant the rude voice of the host reached his ears.

"Put out the lamp, will you?" cried he—"go to bed—I told you to look out for the light!"

At these words Carl shivered with fright, but he stretched himself on the great mattress and blew out the lamp.

Everything grew still.

Now, spite of his resolution not to shut his eyes, he would be listening to the howling of the wind, the hooting of the owls through the darkness, and the scampering of the mice over the rotten floor, towards one in the morning Hafitz was sound asleep, when a sob—sad—grievous—heartrending—waked him with a start, and his face bathed in cold sweat.

He looked, and saw doubled up in the corner of the garret the figure of a man; it was Melchior, the malefactor! His black hair hung to his lean waist, and his neck and chest were bare. So lean was it, one might have taken it for the skeleton of an immense grasshopper; a moonbeam, which found its way through the little window, lit it up faintly with livid gleam, and long spiders webs angled about it.

Hafitz, in silence, with staring eyes and wide open mouth, gazed at the strange being as one might gaze at death standing behind one's bed-curtains when the fatal hour draws nigh.

Suddenly the skeleton stretched out its long bony hand and seized the violin from the wall, put it to its shoulder, and then, after a moment of silence, began to play.

In its music there were—why there were notes as funeral as the sound of the earth crumbling on the coffin of one we have dearly loved—solemn as the thunder of waterfalls long drawn out by mountain echoes—majestic as autumn gales through sounding forests; and then again—said as inecurable despair. Then, in the midst of these sobbing, wailing, song—light, dulcet, silvery as the warbling of a flight of joyous sparrows fluttering over flowering shrubbery. It would swell and eddy in graceful waves, with an ineffable thrill of careless delight, and then in an instant take flight, soared off by the waltz, mad, palpitating, ecstatic; love, joy, despair, all sang, wept, streamed forth beneath the vibrating bow.

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"O, great, great, great artist! O, sublime genius! O, how I pity your sad fate! To be hanged for having killed that beast of an innkeeper, who knew not a single note of music! To wander through the woods by moonlight—without your body—but with such a talent! O, heaven!"

His exclamations were interrupted by the rude voice of the host, crying out—

"Hallo, up there! Will you be quiet, or won't you? Are you ill, or is the house afire?"

Heavy steps sounded on the creaking stairs, a bright light pierced through the cracks of the door, which opened under a push from the shoulder of the innkeeper, and showed him standing in the doorway.

"Ah, Herr Wirth," cried Hafitz. "Herr Wirth, what is going on here? First I am awakened by heavenly music, which I recognise as your own; and then it all fades like a dream!"

The host's features grew grave and thoughtful.

"Yes, yes," he muttered, musingly, "I might have expected it—Melchior has come again to break our rest. So he will always keep coming. It is all up with our repose—

no use to think of sleeping. Come, comrade, get up; come smoke a pipe with me."

Carl waited for no further invitation—he was only too glad to get away. But once down stairs, with his elbows on his knees and his face in his hands, he remained a long time plunged in an abyss of sad meditation.

The host, for his part, had reclined the fire, and taking his place again on the rickety seat in the chimney corner, was smoking in silence.

At last the dawn broke, faint and gray. It looked in through the dingy little windows; then the cock crowed—the fowls hopped down from step to step.

"How much do I owe you?" asked Carl, as he strapped on his wallet and grasped his stick.

"You owe us a prayer at the Chapel of St. Blaise's Abbey," said the man, with a strange accent. "A prayer for the soul of my son Melchior, who was hung, and another for his affianced—erazy Geneveva!"

"That's all?"

"That's all."

"Good-by, then—I won't forget it."

In fact, the first thing Carl did, on getting to Friberg, was to go and offer up a prayer for the poor vagabond musician and the girl he loved. After that he went to Master Kilian's, mine host at "The Grapes," spread his music-sheet on the table, and ordered a bottle of *vivekir*; then, heading the page "The Malefactor's Violin," he composed, at one sitting, his first really original score.—*From the Adeline.*

COMMERCIAL COINCIDENCES.—Dr. Doran tells of a comical coincidence of which the rector, curate and congregation of a Western village were the victims. The rector and his curate both returned to their duty, after a long absence, upon the same day. The curate took the morning service, and preached so well as to astonish his hearers. In the evening the rector, who had officiated in a neighboring parish in the morning, ascended the pulpit, and rather surprised his flock by giving out the same text as the curate had chosen in the forenoon. Their surprise became puzzled wonderment when they found it was not only the same text but the same sermon; and one can imagine the horror of the listening curate. The fact was, rector and curate had each purchased some lithographed sermons, and were so unlucky as to inaugurate their return home with the same one. Good as this story is, it is capped by the misadventure attending three young candidates for a Scotch ministry. The first one put upon his trial, while putting on his robes, happened to desecrate an ancient-looking, well-worn roll of paper, which proved to be a sermon upon the text, "Jacob was a plain man, dwelling in tents." See that! The second candidate was much better than his new one, the aspirant to pulpit honors took possession of it, delivered it as his own, and then returned it to its old resting-place. The sermon was a good one, and pleased the hearers, although they would have preferred one delivered without book. Great was their astonishment the following Sunday when preacher number two treated them with the same sermon from the same text; but it was too much for Scottish patience when a third minister, falling into the same trap, commenced his sermon by announcing that "Jacob was a plain man, dwelling in tents;" and one old woman relieved the feelings of her fellow-sufferers by exclaiming, "Deil dwell tun. Is he never gawn to flit?"—*Chambers' Journal.*

PROPOSALS.

UNITED STATES MAILS. PENNSYLVANIA.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT. WASHINGTON, Sept. 30, 1870.

PROPOSALS for conveying the Mails of the United States from July 1, 1871, on the following routes in the State of Pennsylvania, will be received at the Contract Office of the Department until 12 o'clock, P. M., on the 15th of March 30 following:

- 2260 From Butler, by North Oakland, Barabart's Mills, Baldwin, and Brunt, to Lawrenceburg, 23 miles and back, three times a week. Leave Butler Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 7:30 A. M.; Arrive Lawrenceburg Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 7:30 A. M.; Leave Lawrenceburg Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 7:30 A. M.; Arrive Butler by 1 P. M.
- 2261 From Liberty Corners, by Stor's Mills, to New Era, 11 miles and back, once a week. Leave Liberty Corners Saturday at 8 A. M.; Leave New Era Saturday at 1 P. M.; Arrive Liberty Corners by 4 P. M.
- 2262 From Intertown, Tuesday and Friday at 8 A. M.; Arrive at Redford by 12 M.
- 2263 From Spring Mills, by Spring Mills Centre and Bingham, to Spring Mills (N. Y.), 7 miles and back, twice a week. Leave Spring Mills Tuesday and Saturday at 4 P. M.; Arrive at Spring Mills by 5 P. M.; Leave Spring Mills Tuesday and Saturday at 4 P. M.; Arrive at West Bingham by 2 P. M.
- 2264 From Pottstown to Cedarville (no office), 2 miles and back, three times a week, by a schedule satisfactory to the Postmaster at Cedarville.
- 2265 From Oxford, by Mount Vernon, Colerain, Kirkwood, Pottsville, Barre, and Christiana, 18 miles and back, three times a week. Leave Oxford Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 1 P. M.; Arrive at Christiana by 6 P. M.; Leave Christiana Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 1 P. M.; Arrive at Oxford by 12 M.

This route is supposed to be covered by existing service, and will not be let.

2268 From Horton's, by Rochester's Mills (no office), to Brady, 12 miles and back, once a week. Leave Horton's Saturday at 8 A. M.; Arrive at Brady by 12 M.; Leave Brady Saturday at 1 P. M.; Arrive at Horton's by 4 P. M.

Proposals for more frequent service invited.

2269 From Osceola Mills, by Houtzdale and Madera, to Smith's Mills, 15 miles and back, twice a week. Leave Osceola Mills Tuesday and Saturday at 7 A. M.; Arrive at Smith's Mills by 12 M.; Leave Smith's Mills Tuesday and Saturday at 1 P. M.; Arrive at Osceola Mills by 6 P. M.

2270 From Hainin Station, by Edinville (no office), to Bethany (W. Va.), 10 miles and back, once a week. Leave Hainin Station Saturday at 8 A. M.; Arrive at Bethany by 12 M.; Leave Bethany Saturday at 1 P. M.; Arrive at Hainin Station by 5 P. M.

Proposals for more frequent service invited.

2271 From Troy Centre (no office) to Troyville, 6 miles and back, once a week. Leave Troy Centre Saturday at 10 A. M.; Arrive at Troyville by 12 M.; Leave Troyville Saturday at 1 P. M.; Arrive at Troy Centre by 5 P. M.

Proposals invited for service twice a week, on Wednesday and Saturday.

2272 From Flockville (no office) to Penarth (no office). Bids will state distance and proposed schedule of arrivals and departure. Arrive at Flockville by 12 M.; Leave Flockville Tuesday and Saturday at 1 P. M.; Arrive at Penarth by 6 P. M.

2273 From Hainin Station, by Edinville (no office), to Cooperburg, 12 miles, three times a week, equal to 9 miles and back, three times a week. Leave Cooperburg Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 12 M.; Arrive at Cooperburg by 6 P. M.

2274 From Dixon Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 7 A. M.; Arrive at Piercerville by 9 A. M.

Leave Piercerville Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 10 A. M.; Arrive at Dixon by 12 M.

2275 From Milroy to Siglierville (no office), 8 miles and back, three times a week, by a schedule satisfactory to the Postmaster at Siglierville.

2276 From Sandy Lake, by North Sandy and French Creek, to Utica, 11 miles and back, twice a week. Leave Sandy Lake Tuesday and Saturday at 3 P. M.; Arrive at Utica by 6 P. M.; Leave Utica Tuesday and Saturday at 7 A. M.; Arrive at Sandy Lake by 10 A. M.

Proposals for an additional weekly trip on Tuesday, by invitation.

2277 From Allertown, by Coffman's (no office), to Union's Store (no office), Barnes' Hotel (no office), and Miller's (no office), to McKees' Half Falls, 15 miles and back, once a week. Leave Allertown Saturday at 6 A. M.; Arrive at McKees' Half Falls by 12 M.; Arrive at Union's Store by 1 P. M.

2278 From Newport, by Acker's Store (no office) and Montgomery's Ferry, to Liverpool, 15 miles and back, three times a week, by a schedule satisfactory to the Postmaster at Liverpool.

2279 From Newport Saturday at 3 P. M.; Arrive at Montgomery's Ferry by 6 P. M.; Leave Montgomery's Ferry Saturday at 7:30 A. M.; Arrive at Newport by 10:30 A. M.

2280 From Toxhanna Mills to South Sterling, 8 miles and back, three times a week, by a schedule satisfactory to the Postmaster at Toxhanna Mills. Leave Toxhanna Mills Saturday at 1 P. M.; Arrive at South Sterling by 4 P. M.; Leave South Sterling Saturday at 1 A. M.; Arrive at Toxhanna Mills by 10 A. M.

2281 From North East, by Greenfield, to Watsburg, 10 miles and back, once a week. Leave North East Saturday at 6 P. M.; Arrive at Watsburg by 9 P. M.; Leave Watsburg Saturday at 6 A. M.; Arrive at North East by 12 M.

Proposals for an additional trip on Tuesday invited.

2282 From Erieckville, by James Mittens (no office), to Fred William Nesbitt (no office), to Hammerfield Creek, 5 miles and back, three times a week, in close connection with railroad mail trains, by a schedule satisfactory to the Postmaster.

2283 From Wyalusing, by Lime Hill, Balleghay (no office), and Camp Schoolhouse, to Herrick, 10 miles and back, three times a week. Leave Wyalusing Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 11:30 A. M.—or after arrival of mail train.

2284 From Herrick by 2:30 P. M.; Leave Herrick Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 6:30 A. M.; Arrive at Wyalusing by 10 A. M.

2285 From Russell Hill to Kelserville (no office), 2 1/2 miles and back, once a week, by a schedule satisfactory to the Postmaster at Kelserville.

2286 From Phoenixville, by Pickering and West Pike, to Chester Springs, 7 miles and back, three times a week. Leave Phoenixville Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 12 M.; Arrive at Chester Springs by 2 P. M.; Leave Chester Springs Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 6:30 A. M.; Arrive at Phoenixville by 9:30 A. M.

2287 From Phoenixville to Lancaster, 10 miles and back, three times a week, by a schedule satisfactory to the Postmaster at Lancaster.

2288 From Phoenixville to Fagusinus Forest (no office), 1 mile and back, three times a week, by a schedule satisfactory to the Postmaster.

2289 From Phoenixville, by Kinross and Kinross's, to Pine Flats, 15 miles and back, once a week. Leave Phoenixville Saturday at 8 A. M.; Arrive at Pine Flats by 12 M.; Leave Pine Flats Saturday at 1 P. M.; Arrive at Phoenixville by 5 P. M.

2290 From Philadelphia, to the following named sub-offices, from October 1, 1871, to June 30, 1872, viz: Somerset, Byberry, and Camden, by a schedule satisfactory to the Postmaster at Philadelphia. He may alter the schedule of departures and arrivals, and also order an increase of service by allowing therefor a pro rata increase on the contract pay. He may also curtail or discontinue the whole or in part, at a proportionate decrease of pay, allowing as full indemnity to the contractor one month's extra compensation on the amount of service discontinued, and a pro rata compensation for the service retained and continued. Bids should be addressed to the Contract Office of the Department, and subscribed "Proposals, State of Pennsylvania," and sent by mail.

For forms of proposals, etc., and other information, apply to the Contract Office, on or before this date, in pamphlet form, at the principal post offices.

JOHN A. J. CHESSWELL, 19 ead tm Postmaster-General.

TO IRON MANUFACTURER U. S. LIGHTHOUSE DEPOT. Office Lighthouse Engineer Third District, TOMPKINSVILLE, Staten Island, N. Y. January 15, 1871.

PROPOSALS FOR SCREW-PILE LIGHT-HOUSES. SEALED PROPOSALS for Iron Foundries will be received at this office until MONDAY the 13th day of February, 1871, at 12 o'clock M., for the entire IRON and WOODWORK OF TWO SCREW-PILE LIGHT-HOUSES, the plans and specifications of which are for inspection at this office. A suitable place will be provided by the contractor for the setting up of the entire structure for inspection and acceptance.

The contractor, who must be a manufacturer of iron, will include in his proposals the cost of taking down and delivering on board the vessels provided by the undersigned for shipment of the same.

Proposals will state the time of completing the structures.

The right to reject any proposals that may be deemed disadvantageous to the Government is reserved.

Proposals will be in duplicate, accompanied by a guarantee in duplicate, with a printed copy of this advertisement affixed to each proposal, and will be addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Proposals for Screw-pile Light-houses."

J. C. WOODRUFF, Agent-Colonel of Engineers, U. S. A., 120 1/2 Light House Engineer Third District.

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INSURANCE ONE-EIGHTH OF ONE PER CENT. No bill of lading or receipt signed for less than fifty cents, and no insurance effected for less than one dollar premium.

For further particulars and rates apply to Company's office, Pier 33 East River, New York, or to JOHN P. ORR, PIER 19 NORTH WHARVES.

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NATIONAL STEAMSHIP LINE.—Steam to and from NEW YORK, LIVERPOOL, AND QUEENSTOWN. Steamers sail WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY.

Cabin, \$75 and \$50; Steerage, \$25. Excursion tickets, good for one year, liberally reduced. Persons sending for their friends can obtain tickets (steerage) for the same route at the same low currency rates.

Passengers booked to and from London, Paris, Havre, Breve, Bremen, etc., at lowest rates. Note.—The magnificent Ocean Steamships of this line are among the largest in the world, and are celebrated for their speed, and the excellence of their food, and the superior quality of their service.

THE REGULAR STEAMSHIPS ON THE PHILADELPHIA AND CHARLESTON STEAMSHIP LINE are ALONE authorized to issue through bills of lading to interior points South and West in connection with South Carolina and Florida Company.

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PHILADELPHIA AND SOUTHERN MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY'S REGULAR SEMI-MONTHLY LINE TO NEW ORLEANS, LA. THE YAZOO will sail for New Orleans, via Havana, on Tuesday, February 7, at 8 A. M.

THROUGH BILLS OF LADING at as low rates as the YAZOO will sail from New Orleans, via Havana, on Friday, February 5.

THROUGH BILLS OF LADING to all the principal towns in Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas, in connection with the Central Railroad of Georgia, Atlantic and Gulf Railroad, and Florida Steamers, at as low rates as by competing lines.

SEMI-MONTHLY LINE TO WILMINGTON, N. C. THE WYOMING will sail for Wilmington on Friday, February 10, at 8 A. M., returning will leave Wilmington Friday, February 17.

Connects with the Cape Fear River Steamboat Company, the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad, and the Wilmington and Manchester Railroad to all interior points.

Insurance effected when requested by shippers. Bills of lading signed at Queen street wharf on or before day of sailing.

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